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You are sowing your seed in the fields,
In the furrows so fruitful and deep,
But a seed is a wonderful thing,
And that which you sow, you must reap.

Look well to the seeds in your hands—
The germs of the evil and good —
Nor carelessly sow what you dare
Not reap in the harvest of God.

If you sow to the perishing world,
You must gather its ashes and dross ;
If you sow to the wandering winds,
The whirlwinds bring infinite loss.

But blessed are ye, if you sow
To the spirit of infinite love,
Those seeds that shall blossom in joy,
And ripen in glory above.

V. G. R.

THE young people in our churches and Sunday schools are more and more sought for "For the enlarging of the curtains of Zion's Tabernacle," as expressed by Mary Lyon in the preamble of her first missionary constitution.

In a young ladies' manual for missionary work, the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior very forcibly and beautifully

expresses the need of their help in this enlargement. "Its foreign tapestry is being woven by hands older and younger, with threads of finest workmanship ; but there are vast intervening spaces. The call is for the deft workmen, the girls and the young women, to weave at these most royal looms. There are more and richer colors to be added than the 'blue and purple and scarlet,' and young eyes will be quick to discern them."

THERE are times when the most earnest worker in any benevolent enterprise becomes weary ; and the thought, almost a wish, that the work in hand could be finished at one effort, comes unbidden, startling the most devoted heart. A few things can be thus accomplished, but, to love our neighbor as ourselves and to discharge the obligations of this love, is not a small matter. If it required the help of only one day, the oil and wine only once, we should oftentimes give them willingly ; but to put the neighbor on our own beast and take him to the inn, to pay for him to-morrow and to-morrow, when it seems more desirable to attend to something dearer to us, perhaps to hasten to Jerusalem, this causes the command to seem burdensome, and we feel like going by "on the other side."

But the command remains all the same, and we are never quite through with our work. This is especially true of missionary work. If we have sent some person to the field in our stead, paid her outfit and passage, there can be no sitting down with the hope that her support will come. If we have established a school, even on the very throne of an idol, no power in that throne will continue it. It must be taught, the teacher must be paid her wages, and the treasurer must depend upon the contributor for the means, and she must *plan*, may be, to meet her obligation. It is as much a duty to provide for the morrow's needs as to meet those of to-day, in any field of benevolence, and all missionary work requires the patient continuance in well-doing. It is well to emphasize the condition of the result — "if we faint not."

PRAYER-UNION PAPER.

THE MISSIONARY'S DESIRE.

BY MISS MARY E. FRENCH.

"According to my earnest expectation and hope, *Christ* shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death." Philip. i., 20.

IN the preceding verse St. Paul says, "I know that this shall turn to my salvation *through your prayer*, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Then he seems to enter more fully on what he means — that his one, great anxiety, the one thing for which he desires their prayers, the one object he wants them to have in common with himself, is, that Christ may be magnified. He was "in bonds;" his fate was very uncertain, it might even be death; all this was of very little consequence to him individually. "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It is not for his personal safety he begs them to pray, but that the cause of Christ may not suffer. His life at that time seems to have been of special value to the Church. Therefore he desires to live, and says — speaking of the dangers by which he is surrounded — "I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer." He hoped to be safely brought out of the perils which surrounded him for the sake of his Master's work, and he thought he should be, yet he might not be; but whichever way it was to be, one thing was his "earnest expectation and hope," that "Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death." This was to be the end of all prayer, — theirs and his. We learn here, surely, how to pray for our missionaries.

1st. That they may be wholly given to Christ's service. That they may, like St. Paul, have no other object but this, that "Christ may be magnified," that "therein alone they may rejoice" "that Christ is preached."

2d. That in "presenting their bodies" to Christ's special service, they, and their dear ones who yield them to it, may be made willing to leave the way in which "Christ is to be magnified" entirely to their Lord, "*whether* by life or by death."

3d. That the work of Christ itself may not be allowed to suffer from the circumstances which befall individual missionaries, whether imprisonment, or any other thing, or even death; that "the things which happen" may "fall out rather unto the furtherance of the Gospel."

And it is not only for the missionaries of our own society we would pray, but for all, both men and women, who "count not their lives dear unto themselves, so that . . . they may testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

Surely all may unite in responding to the requests which come to us from the missionary field, and it may stimulate and encourage us at home to know that in Calcutta a small band of Christian ladies meet once a month to unite in prayer and thanksgiving in connection with mission work.

A member of it, belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, writes:

"Our meeting goes on from month to month, and is very well attended. I know of a good many believers here who are craving after that fuller life and deeper joy, which they ought of right to be having in Christ, and I am one myself. I think we are getting it, too, for the desire comes of God, and His Spirit will yet fill us, not only for full rest and peace in believing, but for power in working with Him. Will you ask this for us, my dear friend? My husband and I have just returned from a little tour up country. Among other places we visited Benares, Allahabad, Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, and Delhi. We were deeply impressed with much that we saw. How thankful we felt for the little mission stations planted here and there, and telling that the name of Jesus, as the one Saviour, was being sounded forth in the midst of heathenism and idolatry. Our hope of this land is in the promises of God. No power but His could ever reach the millions, and it is well to be made to feel this very intensely sometimes."

The blessing of such united prayer is felt, not only by those for whom we pray, but by ourselves also; it promotes a fuller life and greater power to work, and above all, that spirit of love which produces the unity and harmony in action we must have, if we would face the foe.

Once more to return to the Apostle's words: how far can each one of us say, "*My* earnest expectation and hope is, that Christ may be magnified in my body?" Is it for this, and this only, that each one of us is living or dying? While we earnestly entreat our God to fill each one of our missionaries more and more with this spirit of entire self-surrender and self-dedication, let us seek it for ourselves individually. Let our cry ever be

"O magnify Thyself in me!"

A WORD FROM FOOCHOW, CHINA.

[At the solicitation of Miss L. F. Remick, Mrs. Baldwin cordially furnishes the following article for our columns. Her husband, Dr. Stephen L. Baldwin, has been for many years Superintendent of the Methodist Mission at Foochow.]

FOOCHOW is a great Chinese city, of 600,000 inhabitants — 1,000,000, including the suburbs. It is situated on the beautiful river Min, 500 miles north of Hong Kong, and as many south of Shanghai, in latitude 26°, having a climate much like that of the extreme southern part of Florida, but even warmer, in that the city is farther inland. It is one of the original "Five Treaty Ports," and may be best remembered as being the great black-tea port of the world. Our Oolongs (so delightful to the American taste) come from Foochow and Amoy, the neighboring port. Christian missions have been established at Foochow about twenty-five years. The American Board, Church of England, and our own—American Methodist Episcopal—missions have worked in this field with large success. Our own mission numbers over 2,000 members, with twenty ordained ministers and an Annual Conference as orderly and able as any in our own country.

We have all the usual agencies in the field, such as day and boarding schools, theological seminary, printing office, Bible readers, and latterly, through the Women's Foreign Mission Society of our church, medical ladies have been sent us, and we have two now at Foochow, with a large and successful hospital and dispensary work among the women and children. No one can measure the exceeding value of this special work.

I cannot, within the limits of so brief an article, detail all the need of work for women in China, but will mention a few points. As in other heathen lands, so in this, heathenism rests her heaviest burdens upon women. In all our region about Foochow, girls are not welcomed in the homes, and infanticide prevails to a fearful degree. A large proportion of those allowed to live must undergo years of torture in the binding of their feet, that they may wear a shoe about two inches long. Such are the lady class, and are kept in seclusion in the women's apartments, only going out, as a rule, in close sedan chairs. The large-footed class, or those with natural feet, are the working women and servants — often the chief burden-bearers of the family. Many a poor woman of this class cooks her husband's food, of which he eats to sat-

isfaction, what he leaves she gives to the children, and for herself is left the *water* in which this food was cooked. This class sell vegetables in the street, work in the field, go up the mountains to gather fuel, but all the time are hedged about by such rules of propriety that it behooves them to be most guarded in their conduct, as their lives are at the mercy of their husbands on the slightest suspicion. Women are bought and sold for wives, neither the boy nor girl having any choice in the matter, the parents arranging it for them. The result is many unhappy marriages. Woman is taught that she has no soul, while man is said to have three!

Her only hope is to perfectly obey her husband, his parents, brothers, and elder brothers' wives, his uncles, and many other relatives, and as a reward she may hope to be born again, as a man, and then there is a chance for her to rise, by successive higher births, into their dim and undefined heaven — which amounts to an entire loss of identity. The Chinese profess to know little about the future.

The same man may at pleasure observe the rites of their three great religions — Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Heathenism ever brings poverty and misery, and notwithstanding they have a great, rich, and beautiful land, and are an industrious people, yet the mass of them are very poor. I am often asked whether we have "real Christians in China?" My testimony can ever be emphatic on this point. After eighteen years' residence among them, I can truly say that I have never seen more genuine Christians than are found in our churches in China. It is such an honorable thing to be a Christian in this land of our birth, that it is not easy to take in all its means of persecution, sacrifice and even personal violence, that Chinese women and men often have to meet in following the "foreign doctrine," as the heathen term our Christian faith. Any who enter the church from other than pure motives are soon sifted out by such experiences.

The Chinese have elements of character that make them a strong people, and once Christianized, they will as a nation stand the peer of the *greatest*. The United States owes a special duty to this great nation. God has placed them almost by our side. No longer do we need to go our weary four or five months' voyage in sailing-vessel to China, but take God's foretold highway across our continent, and the connecting palace steamer over the Pacific, and lo! within forty days we are in the land of Sinim. Surely there is more

in this than the increase of commerce, or the enriching of our merchants. May all churches awaken to this their grand opportunity to carry the Bread of Life to one third of the human race !

ETTIE E. BALDWIN,

Of Foochow M. E. Mission.

NEWARK, N. J.

REMINISCENCES.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

(SECOND DECADE OF THE F. B. INDIA MISSION.)

MISS CRAWFORD thus describes her journey from Calcutta and her reception in the mission: "I was favored with the company of brother Phillips, and brother and sister Sutton. Our journey was, to me, quite romantic. Mrs. Sutton and myself traveled in a palanquin, the gentlemen accompanying us on horseback. We left Calcutta in the evening, and on the morning of the fifth day reached Jellalore, a distance of only 120 miles. In the pleasant family of Brother Phillips, I spent about a month. Brethren Cooley and Bachelor came the day after my arrival, and Rama a few days later. Rama gave me a hearty welcome, was very glad I had come to labor for the heathen, and he should be still more glad when I became able to converse in the Oriya language. He said I was his sister, but he was not worthy of being called my brother, for I had been serving the Lord a long time, whereas, he had known him but a few years. The Sabbath after my arrival, I heard Brother Sutton preach in Oriya, and the little church commemorated the sufferings and death of our blessed Saviour. My heart was deeply affected by the apparent humility and devotion of the native Christians. To behold such a scene was worth coming from America to India."

In due time, Mrs. Cooley came to conduct Miss Crawford to Balasore. She had been a little over a year in the mission, and in a previous letter thus spoke of Brother Phillips' family and home: "I am much pleased with the entire family. I think they would be an ornament to any Christian community. It is like an oasis in a dry and sandy desert, to fall in with such a family in the midst of heathenism that

stalks abroad at noon-day. We found them living in a 'mansion' covered with straw, not a glass window to admit the light of heaven, with a floor of earth pounded down so as to make it very hard. It would appear rather rude in enterprising America, but here, it is truly an inviting spot."

She soon took the place in the school at Balasore that had been filled by Miss Mary Sutton, during Mr. and Mrs. Sutton's visit to England and America, and which she vacated on their return. It is pleasant to record the testimonies of our missionaries in regard to the Christian usefulness of one who came so near falling a victim to the horrors of a Hindu pilgrimage.* Do not missions pay?

Says Mrs. Bachelier, "Our schools are now on a good foundation. Dear Mary Sutton has been of incalculable service in arranging and carrying out Mrs. Sutton's most excellent plans. In her, we have the concentrated experience of about twenty-five years of Indian boarding-school teaching. She is a perfect counterpart of Mrs. Sutton in prudence and management." Says Mrs. Cooley, "She manages the school most admirably. She is a perfect lady, and reflects great honor on Mr. and Mrs. Sutton." Subsequently, she married a native preacher who attended the first World's Missionary Conference, held in Liverpool, England, in which he took an active part.

An epistle from Dr. Bachelier was read at the June session of the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting, in which he thus speaks of the school: "You, no doubt, take a deep interest in our Khund school, composed of children rescued from a horrid death, in sacrifice to idols. They came to us naked, ignorant, filthy and diseased. Already Christianity has done much for them. They are learning what their fathers never knew — to read. They read their Bibles, and many of them have learned to pray. Could the opposers of missions understand the condition of these poor children, as set apart to be sacrificed to their gods, and then see them now busily engaged in useful labor or in reading the words of eternal life — and could they, after the labors of the day are over, or at early dawn, listen to the voice of prayer as it comes from their youthful lips, surely they would cease their opposition."

* See *Reminiscences*, in *MISSIONARY HELPER*, Vol. II., page 6.

It had now become a sorrowful burden to the hearts of our devoted missionaries, that the great door opened among the Santals could not be entered and the field occupied, but with their present force this was impossible, and the future outlook threatened a diminution of even that force. Mr. Phillips, however, continued his work of preparing elementary books in their language. Elias Hutchins, one of his Santal converts, who had greatly assisted him in his labors for the Santals, wrote thus to the Corresponding Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society concerning himself and his people :

JUNE 20, 1851.

" Oh, my holy father and namesake, to you my many salutations. Formerly, I was a very bad person. From my birth until I was grown up, I knew not whether there was a God or not. But, by the mercy of God, I came to Patna (Jellasure), and by degrees learned to read the Bible, and obtained knowledge. Knowing the Bible to be a true shaster, I began to cry, Alas ! Alas ! How shall I obtain salvation from sin ? This I began to seek, but the Lord pardoned me, and until now, has kept me as his own. Among the Santals, there is great ignorance. They have not the least knowledge how to obtain salvation. Some say when a person dies, his soul dies ; others say his soul becomes a lizard ; still others that the king of death will cast the soul into hell. They worship wood, stone, earth, and the demons of the forest. . . . Thus they all do. No one knows anything definite. They make *handee* and *poura*,* and, drinking it, become tremendously drunk. The men and women joining hands, sing and dance nearly all night. If we go to them and speak the word of God, they will say, ' This word is true, but unless we worship these gods, we shall die ; we are not able to obey.' . . . If we ask them, ' Do you hope for salvation by your gods ? ' they answer, ' No.' ' Then why do you worship them ? ' ' That we may obtain riches.' What sin is, they do not know. . . . ' What we shall be hereafter, an insect, a lizard, or what ; who can tell ? ' . . . They wander in the jungle, cut and sell wood and leaves, and at night spend their time in dancing and revelry. In every house they have the *handee* and *poura*, and, drinking it, fight

Handee is fermented, and *poura* distilled liquor, both made from rice.

and quarrel. If I were to tell you all about the Santals, it would take more than five days to write it. My wife and I send you many salutations. We are ignorant and unworthy to write you. Be merciful and write me a letter.

From your friend and namesake,

ELIAS HUTCHINS."

More serious evils followed the intense heat of the summer of 1851. The ravages of the cholera were terrible. Said Mrs. Bachelier, June 25: "The mortality is awful. Thousands are being swept away in the villages and towns around. Whole families are cut off, root and branch, and houses closed with the bodies remaining in them. A family near us of six persons were all cut off in a day, and another of fourteen were all likewise taken. I tremble every hour, lest the fearful scourge break out in our own midst."

Nor was the cholera all. September 4, 1851, Mr. Phillips wrote: "The horrors of a prospective famine stare the poor people (which is the great mass) full in the face. The usual showers about March and April, which enable the people to get in their crops, failed this year. The burning, blistering heat of April and May surpassed anything I have known since the summer of 1837, the season we suffered so much in Sumbhulpore. Instead of fields loaded with waving grain, the rice in most of the fields is little more than ankle-high, — worm-eaten, and has a sickly aspect. As yet, there is grain enough in the country, but those who own it refuse to sell. Hence, house-breaking, burning and robbing are resorted to. . . . The brahmins and astrologers have vainly exhausted all their efforts to produce rain. One proposes that the rascally brahmins — who are worshiped as divine — be compelled to do penance until they cause it to rain. Others reproach the gods, and still others give me the credit of having caused the calamity by my preaching. I have frightened away the clouds. . . . Wherever we go, our ears are assailed, 'Why does it not rain?' 'When will it rain?' 'We are all dead, what else!' 'The gods are unjust!' 'What do your books say?' 'Will there be any rain or not?'

"We wish to hear of nothing else, until you have told us why it is that there is no rain. You are a great man, a favorite with the Supreme God, whom you worship. Come, call upon him now, and let us see the rain pour down, and we will all obey him. Thousands will become Christians this year.

"On the whole, the people seem more inclined to listen to the message of salvation than I have known them for a long time. They can say little for their gods now, and the ease with which they turn to and abuse both them and the brahmins, shows their faith to be very superficial. We try to show them the delusive nature of their resolutions to renounce idols and turn to the true God, provided he would at this time appear for their relief and send the needful rain. They have had fruitful seasons, and been filled with good things all their lives, in return for which they have never thanked the Giver, but have given his glory to others. We teach them the Scripture doctrine, as to the cause of famines, and our duty when we are thus visited with judgments from the hand of God. I think the truth produces strong convictions in many minds."

THE DREAM OF LIFE.

BY MARILLA.

The following poem is among the last writings of Mrs. M. M. Pinney, so long known to our churches as "Marilla." At a very early age she became a Christian and devoted her talent to the service of the Master. She wrote for several periodicals, and her writings are interesting, though touched with a vein of sadness toward the last, as clouds had gathered around her. But she sings strong and brave as she felt that "night drew on apace." She was interested in missions, and was ready to bear her part. Her last home was in Great Bend, Kansas.

We dreamed of life — a fadeless flower
Which woke to bloom in fairest bower,
And there remained, of strength a tower,
Till death's cold winds should fall.
Long years have passed — our dream hath flown,
And life's dark ways are not unknown ;
Its magic sweets have sadly flown,
Or lie beneath the pall.

The fancied flower hath known decay,
The cherished hope hath passed away,
The bloom of joy hath lost its ray
As night drew on apace.
No more we dread the chilling breath
From that deep vale of shadowy death,
For thus the faithful Spirit saith
To all who trust His grace :

"O thou afflicted, tempest-tost,
Though sorrow's wave thy foot hath crossed,
Thy fragile bark shall not be lost ;
My covenant peace is thine.
Foundations deep for thee are laid,
And borders fair my grace hath made,
A crown of life with gems inlaid,
Through Christ's own love divine."

HOW SHALL WE TALK ABOUT MISSIONS?

BY MISS MAY E. BISBEE.

A paper read at the young people's session of the Convention of the R. I. District.

THERE are a few words in the English language that have a most oppressive sound to the ears of childhood. "Bears" is one, — "Missions" is another.

The first is attended by a shuddering, creep-under-bed-clothes sensation, which even the disenchanting surroundings of broad sunshine and able-bodied friends are powerless to destroy. There is an atmosphere about the word that follows us till other childish terrors are forgotten, and that causes us to shun, though knowing better, every black log that lies, half-concealed, in the depths of the mid-summer woods.

The word "Missions," if I may judge other unfortunate children by my own early associations, comes laden with harrowing associations of high-backed pews ; of Sunday garments painful in their stiffness ; of solemn faces and black attire ; of ages of weary listening under a "Firstly, Secondly, Thirdly," of seasons when one must not laugh or play, and when earth seems truly, to our infant vision, but a "howling wilderness and a vale of tears."

A mission, so far as I can define it from a confused fancy never put in words, was a mournful pilgrimage of a company of black-gowned, solemn-visaged personages, to the wilds of India, where they were to present themselves to a company of natives, understood to be occupying themselves either in offering the plumpest of their offspring to a row of crocodiles in constant attendance on the river-bank, or in crushing themselves beneath the hideous, rumbling car of Juggernaut. The missionaries, on their arrival, were to begin an immediate dis-

tribution of Bibles to this throng, which, in some way never wholly clear to my mind, were to institute an immediate and radical change in affairs, which was to cause an instant cessation of supply to the ravenous amphibians in waiting along-shore.

All that was done for the missionary cause at home was done for this alone ; missionary teas and missionary bands were but an auxiliary to the more rapid accumulation of Bibles for this purpose, and when the last crocodile should have retired forever from the banks of the Ganges, then the missionary work of the world would be done.

This is truly an absurd picture, but I am not sure but it finds its prototype in the memory of more than one listener. Whose fault it is that such a distorted and one-sided theory of missionary work should find its way into a childish brain, I cannot say : perhaps that of no one. It is not strange that it *does* find its way there. The crocodiles and the Juggernaut are a kind of dramatic adjunct to the stories which may properly be told to the infant class on a Sunday morning, when the lesson is done. They are always effective in holding the attention of these impressible little creatures, and I know from personal experience, that an occasional allusion to these horrors does more in bringing out the weekly collection of pennies than will any other means of appeal. It is all well enough to tell this to the children ; there is a basis of truth at the bottom of the crocodile legend ; but do let us tell them something else. A popular young American lady says that all that Germans do positively know of America is, that it has a Niagara : the only thing that American children have been in danger of knowing of India is that it has crocodiles. But are we not improving of late in this respect. We are getting wide-awake, natural letters from foreign missionaries ; we are shown the natives' mode of life,—even their dress, their language, their ornaments, their idols ; and the children are beginning to realize that a foreign mission is the struggle for a common-sense and Christian education, made by common-sense and Christian men and women.

Nor do I think it is children alone whom the word so terrifies. We are too prone to deal in generalities, and nobody likes them. They sound well in public, no doubt, and they look well on paper ; but nobody's heart was ever moved by them, and nobody ever remembers them. They are, beside an earnest, heart-stirring, personal appeal, just what a hand-organ

is beside a military band, and they argue an equal indolence in their author. He has only to turn the crank of his mind, and the generalities flow out, and what is worse, everybody knows he is going by machinery.

Suppose we should step into a missionary meeting somewhere, and hear some one deliver a half-hour appeal to lovers of the missionary cause at home, to contribute something toward the support of an estimable sister, zealously engaged in laboring in a foreign field, among numberless trials and obstacles, for the advancement of the cause and the spread of the Gospel among India's degraded children, etc., etc. Possibly we might never think of it again; but suppose the same speaker should tell us something about the sister he pleads for — her name, for instance, and how she looks, and what kind of a house she lives in; and how she goes about every day to the homes of her pupils and tries to win their confidence by teaching them some feminine device of needle-work, or something of the kind, and that she wants more material for it; and how the classes look, sitting around her on the grass or on the floor, and what they study out of, and what books they need, and what they say to her, and what she says to them; if he should tell us all that and a great deal more like it, I am sure we should remember it: and if he should take up a collection after each address, by way of experiment, the contribution-box would be heavier after the second journey than after the first.

So much for foreign missions; home missions are not quite so frightful to us, for many of the special objects for which we are working are directly within our own ken; and we cannot generalize in the face of hunger and sorrow and discouragement and ignorance: their details are too painfully obvious. Still, there is a sort of feeling among the juvenile people that the whole mission question is a scheme on the part of mercenary elders to wrest unwilling pennies from grasping little fingers that had meant never to unclothe over them till they should be given up for penny chewing-gum or squeaking balloon, or other palatable, delectable, or indescribable instrument of torture, dear to the infantile heart. If we are going to *talk* home missions to the children, we must *show* them home missions, and after that we may count on them for sympathy. For us "grown up" ones, we must look into home missions for ourselves, and when we do, we shall put an end to generalities.

Let us hope for a day when the word "Missions" shall no longer cause us to tighten either our heart or our purse-strings ; and when it shall come to our ears fraught with no cold or meaningless or barren interpretation ; but when man, woman, and child shall understand a mission in its best and truest and broadest sense to be whatever may awaken kindly, generous and humanizing impulses in our hearts.

The radical and the missionary both assume "that all men are born free and equal ; both labor to preserve their freedom and equality, but the radical goes up in the social scale, and the missionary goes down ; the radical proceeds to burn down his more prosperous neighbor's house (in theory alone I trust), that he may put that neighbor more nearly on a footing with himself. The missionary's aim is to put on an equal footing with himself those who are sufficiently below him in social, educational or spiritual standing to feel that his friendly hand-clasp is pulling them not downward, but upward.

Such an one, in the work for which he labors, is a true missionary ; such a labor, be it made by man, woman, or child, is a true mission.

"MEDICAL TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR LADIES."

MOST, if not all, missionary societies have come to acknowledge the great necessity of women's medical skill in heathen lands, and have their representatives in the field. It is affirmed that nothing has impressed the natives more than this phase of missionary work, and that it has been invaluable in removing prejudices, inducing kindly feeling, and opening doors for the entrance of truth.

The number of women willing to prepare and devote themselves to this department is largely increased, and they are no longer regarded as stepping out of their sphere, but receive respect and encouragement.

Dr. Griffith, of London, being deeply impressed with the indescribable need of more medically-trained missionaries, has added to his "Hospital for Women and Children," a "Medical Training-School for Ladies." All Protestant Christians are admissible, there are lectures by eminent physicians, and also on divinity, as the object is two-fold — medi-

cal instruction, and missionary training. The pupil is examined on a two years' course of instruction.

Dr. Griffith, in the *Indian Female Evangelist*, thus forcibly and intelligently speaks: "Few Westerns, except those who have been in the East, can realize the horrors of zenana life — horrors which remind me of the days of the Inquisition — horrors which I shall not depict; simply for very shame's sake I cannot lift the curtain. To the Christian mind zenana life, in the fullest health, is most revolting! What is it, then, in time of sickness, and in the hours of travail! Even I, a medical man, feel chilled, as now, at this distance of time, I seem to hear the wails of suffering women and children, suffering and dying for want of the services of the very ladies we purpose training — suffering and dying where such sacred services would have averted suffering and death. God, *Thou* knowest what sufferings, what deaths!

"I long to hasten to their relief by the only means left in our power by the prejudices of native caste and religion. No medical man can approach the zenana; it is therefore through the ministration of the lady medical missionary, relief can be brought. But *the laborers have been so few as to be insufficient by thousands.*

"Having personally become acquainted with the sad state, medically, surgically, and obstetrically, of children and women in Musselman and Oriental countries during my travels, I feel acutely for those poor unaided sufferers whom it is our object to relieve bodily, and whilst so doing to minister to their souls' wants by bearing to them, in all its fullness, the gladdening news of the Gospel.

"It is impossible *now to get a sufficient number* of ladies possessing degrees and diplomas, to undertake the medical missionary life; and many ladies are willing to do *just the work we propose*, who cannot afford the time, money, and strength involved in a longer curriculum, and who in two years would be able to fill such positions as we point out.

"I feel impelled to this service as being God's. I hear His voice saying, 'Speak unto the people that they go forward.'"

It is gratifying that we are able to send soon our first medical missionary in the person of Miss Nellie Phillips, who has recently graduated from the medical course which she has been pursuing at Cleveland, Ohio, and others should be preparing to follow into this important field.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[FROM MRS. BACHELER.]

MIDNAPORE LIFE.

FEB. 16. The mango trees are in full bloom. The flowers are arranged like lilacs, and are of a greenish yellow color. The tree is symmetrical and compact, and at a little distance is one varying mass of dark green foliage. At this time it is nearly covered with bloom. It is the year for an abundance of this luscious fruit. Dense fogs, called "mango fog," come for a few mornings, when the mango is at the fullest bloom; these always injure the coming fruit, and often blast it to a great extent.

Feb. 19. One of Mrs. Phillips' teachers took me to-day to two new houses for zenana work. As we rode along towards the heart of the town, sometimes between rows of mango trees, the air filled with the sweet odors, the world seemed lovely, indeed. Mrs. P. said, "sniff, sniff hard, so it will last us." Five minutes later, we were in close, narrow roads, with men, women and children all around. Native shops are not like home ones. A man or woman may be a shop-keeper with no more than five dollars' worth of goods. But everything is in sight, — a little rice in a flat dish, spices in others, onions, native tomatoes, and always native sweets. These are usually some kind of pastry, sweetened, spiced, and fried in ghee (melted butter). Sugar, cocoanut and curds are always seen. These are prepared in many ways. All these things are right out in the "open," and he or she, who indulges gets a good share of dust and dirt.

We first went to the school of the teacher who was our guide. It is in a good house, occupied by a Church of England missionary and his family. The gentleman was much interested in having a school, and gave this nice place. The school numbered twenty-one, boys and girls. Then we went on, winding about and at last were taken in by a common-looking door, in a mud wall, to our first new house. It is a grand house, rather, and the men, women and children crowding around seemed of a good class. Young married girls were the ones to be our new pupils, I don't know how many. There may be quite a zenana school. The other house, in another lane, was something like this one. Both of these houses are willing to pay a little monthly.

So the dear friends at home will see how the zenana teaching and the schools in some degree assist and affect each other. The little girls who learn in the schools till the red mark is put in their forehead (say from seven to ten years of age), get that taste for knowledge, which makes them clamor for more, and the relatives give in and call zenana teachers. The ragged schools, though meant expressly for the poor, are attended by a good many children of the gentry. Jessie's zenana school has got up to twenty-one. She is an excellent teacher.

MIDNAPORE BIBLE SCHOOL.

We have received from Dr. Phillips, the copy of the Second Annual Report of the Midnapore Bible School. It opens with a note of thanksgiving for blessings and merciful kindness. The second session of the school, like the first, occupied six months. Eighteen young men have been in attendance this year. Two new young men, one a Santal, and the other the son of an able Oriya preacher of long standing at Balasore, not now living, have been admitted this year. Several others might have been received but for the low state of the funds. The maximum stipends paid the pupils are four rupees per month for single men, and six to those who are married. The general conduct of the pupils has been excellent, and their application to study most cheering. Anything like caste feeling has not been manifest.

The *Bible* has been the chief text-book in all the classes. Dr. Phillips says, "It has been an ever-increasing delight to me to witness the growing interest of some of these pupils in the study of the Holy Scriptures. Teaching such scholars is a great pleasure, and one for which I have many times thanked God during the past year." Dr. Bachelier has given several elementary lectures on anatomy and physiology. Some knowledge of medical subjects will be very necessary for these men, as they may be located far from any intelligent physician.

The daily prayer-service at dawn has been well sustained by the students, and has been a means of grace. On the Sabbath the Bengali and Santal services have been conducted regularly, the students sometimes taking the lead. The students have worked at the preaching-stands in the bazar, and also from house to house. They have been sent out, two and two, as of old, alternate Saturdays, to conduct religious services on the Sabbath at several points in the district, in Hindu and Santal villages, and it is hoped to open new places the coming year.

The Juniors, who, save one, had made a beginning in English, are taught in that language by Mrs. Phillips. It seems that a sufficient knowledge of English to be able to read English books, consult English commentaries, and write and speak English with ease, will be worth a great deal to these young men, for this language of the ruling race in India is rapidly spreading over the land.

This school has a women's department, which is under the care of Miss Hattie Phillips, and the pupils comprising it are mostly the wives of the students. These pupils do not draw stipends from the school-fund, but one of the pundits gives much time to teaching them. Some of them are superior scholars, and will prove themselves worthy of a higher education. The report says that one of the objects of the Bible school is to train young women for Christ's service as Bible-readers, zennana teachers, etc., and an effort will be made to satisfy the wishes and meet the hopes of the Christian women in this country who contributed so generously to its endowment.

The queen's birthday and the Fourth of July are the recognized holidays in the school. The term opens this year with March instead of May. The report thanks American friends for promptly forwarding the interest of the endowment fund. Dormitories are much needed for the students, and it is hoped that a lecture hall and recitation-room, will soon be provided by means of the fund to be raised as a memorial to the late Rev. J. Phillips.

POOJAH — WEDDING — WIDOW.

[FROM MISS HOOPER.]

[The following letter is obtained from the *Religious Intelligencer*.]

Another poojah to-day, and as there are no schools in session I take the time to write you a few lines. The calendar states that there are thirty-five Mohammedan, and twenty-three Hindu holidays in the course of a year. Very few of these are in succession, only a day or so now and then, so they are quite a hindrance to the regular work of the schools. It is simply impossible to hold one child during the poojah days. Drinking and carousing are the accompaniments, and they last for many days after the idol-worship has ceased. We now have Sabbath Schools in the different districts where the daily schools are held. I was quite shocked, on visiting one of these places not long since, to find parents and children intoxicated, and many of them crazed, with "mand," the native liquor. Sabbath School was out of the question that day. To-day the poojah is in honor of Saraswati, the goddess of wisdom. The public offices are all closed, as no babu will touch a pen or book for two days. All writing materials are presented to the goddess. Even the children in the "ragged schools" have presented

theirs, which of course will involve the buying of new books. We make it a rule for them to purchase their own books. To-morrow the idols will be cast into the river.

Poojahs are not the only discouraging feature that must be dealt with. There are the early marriages of the girls, which take them from the schools entirely.

Not long since Joyanab, an interesting Mohammedan girl of twelve (her mother said she was "very old, and ought to have been married long ago"), was sacrificed on the altar of matrimony. Receiving an invitation, we went to witness the marriage ceremony. The bride and bridegroom were seated one on each side of a curtain, which rendered them invisible to each other. The bridegroom, a young man about twenty, was surrounded by his grandmothers and aunts, who were consoling themselves by smoking a hookah, which was passed around the circle. A stone slab on which spices are pounded for curry was placed before the bridegroom—who prepared ingredients for a curry (as I thought). The bridal presents, consisting of wearing apparel, looking-glasses, etc., were in a large basket on the mat in front of the bride, and were occasionally passed to the other side of the curtain, and held up before the bridegroom's face. The child-bride was dressed in a yellow silk cloth, and literally laden with jewels. The rims of her ears were completely filled with rings; a large ring was in her nose, and countless bracelets on her arms, and ornaments on her ankles. A palm-leaf was tied over her eyes to remain three days. Then her mother-in-law began dressing her beautiful black hair. It was oiled, then the spices prepared by the bridegroom were plastered on, and the hair plaited in tiny braids, and these formed again into still larger plaits. As this process was to last four hours, we made our salaam to the hostess and left. We could not say "good-bye" to the bride, for no one is allowed to speak to her.

Surely the Scotchman was right when he said, "It was a very solemn thing to get married." No gentlemen were allowed at the wedding, so don't whisper to any one what I've told you.

Perhaps you think we are discouraged at the slow progress of the truth here. Not at all; but we must tell you of things just as they are, not as we desire them to be. Slow, indeed, the work seems; yet there is hope and encouragement in the thought—or *fact*, rather,—that as surely as the good seed is sown in the young minds, so surely will it spring up and bear fruit.

In one of the schools supported by the New Brunswick Woman's Missionary Society, I saw a sight the other day that has made me feel happy ever since;—a poor motherless child of the lowest caste and a beautiful high caste girl side by side—their heads bent over the same book studying together. We called to see the mother of the latter one day in her zenana, and almost the first thing she said was, "What lovely hymns you have,—all about Jesus." The sound of that name should stimulate the resolve in every believer's heart never to yield before obstacles, or give up the battle till every benighted soul knows "all about Jesus." How often we find that the words of Jesus carry comfort where our own words fail. At Daraband School (the one supported by the Fredericton Sabbath School) a weekly prayer-meeting is held for the women after the school is dismissed. A woman with such a sad face came into the prayer-meeting this week, and in the midst of the exercises began to weep and wring her hands. "O Misseebaba," said she, "I

wish I could die ; my eldest son died a short time ago, and I don't want to live any longer." With this burst of grief she started to go. Putting my hand on her arm, I told her Jesus had said something just for her, and repeated those words so soothing to the weary one, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." She became calm, and began to talk of her daughter-in-law. "Would you like to see her?" she asked. "Yes, I'll go to the house with you." "O no ! sit still, and she will come to see you." "How old is your son's wife?" "Nine years old." While we were talking the poor little widow crept in and crouched before us. What a contrast to the child-bride mentioned above. No jewels or pretty garments for the poor little girl-widow. She must not learn to read like other children ; she must be the household drudge, and remain so as long as she lives. No wonder that many prefer the suttee to the wretched life which they must lead.

I must close, hoping you may be able to understand this very rambling letter. There are constant interruptions here, so that it is difficult to find a quiet hour in which to write.

MIDNAPORE, Feb. 4.

WHAT OF TO-DAY?

NOT what of the night, watchmen ; but, heralds in God's vineyard, what glad tidings bring you of to-day ?

In nearly every one of our meetings last summer at the Wiers, a spirit of consecration, an earnest desire to be wholly the Lord's, seemed the one thing sought, and the burden of prayer, "More love to Thee and Thy cause." Friends, in home and foreign fields sent back words of rejoicing when the good news reached them of what was being accomplished, while songs of praise and thanksgiving went up to the Most High for the noontide glory of this centennial year.

Many believed that the old habit of keeping back part of the price was fully overcome, that henceforth the offerings given by the different churches and societies would make complete the funds needed and asked for our mission-work each year. But such thoughts were only leaves, — "deeds are the fruits."

What of to-day, sisters ? For months our treasurer has written — funds lacking — deficient treasury — more than three hundred dollars wanted for the next remittance to India ; while friends in the West, with burdens too heavy to be borne, sometimes have thought us unmindful of our promises.

Are these things so ? Have we forgotten the pledges of last summer ? Are the earnest appeals for help lost, or gathered up simply as precious relics of the past ? This question demands

a hearing. It was high tide during those centennial days,— reaction always follows such times,— the medium is the true path. The Bible does not say whatsoever thou thinkest can be done, “but whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might.”

As a society, we may have been slow to act, but our missionaries, at home and abroad, are not forgotten. We beg them, wait with patience a little longer. With Heaven’s blessing, we hope and expect ere long to answer the question satisfactorily — What of to-day?

E. C. J.

SECRETARY’S LETTER.

DEAR SISTER SECRETARIES :

If we may dream of writing, may we not dream of reading what other hands have written? Either sleeping or waking, in fancy or else in fact, I have sometime read these lines addressed to me as Home Secretary :

“How I would like to write you a long friendship letter, but business is arbitrary and must rule my pen.

“To begin, I am exasperated beyond measure; I thought I took such thorough measures last quarter that the reports would come in without further prompting. I have received *only two*. Even Mrs. — does not report until I send her a message. Once I had to send twice. I addressed every secretary by letter or card last quarter. Where there were no W. M. Societies, I wrote to Clerks, asking who I might address that would be interested in missions, and if he could tell me what they were already doing. No response from any of them; so I see there is a possibility of men’s failing as well as women.

“It does our section such injustice to send in so meagre a report, calling it the sum total of what we are doing. It makes me feel worse than not to pretend to report at all.

“There is scarcely an educated woman in our land, that could not *with the will*, do the little work required of a missionary secretary. If she cannot she wrongs the cause to take or keep the position. I can do so little without their coöperation, but that little does not wear on me. I have just written again to every secretary, commending the faithful, and urging the others to work, etc.”

This much of the letter I give to you. Please don’t forget that all reports are to be sent quarterly, and without your waiting to be notified by any one.

Did you say "I'm only an Auxiliary Secretary?" Think, when a child at school, how much more trying was a mistake in the beginning of a problem than near its close. If at the beginning it made the work *all wrong*, so your mistake or failure to report makes the reports of your Q. M., Y. M. and Home Secretary *all false*. Once a Y. M. Secretary reported to me "No. copies of HELPER 24," when I knew that five times that number were taken. But she could not know.

Blessings on the many who report always and promptly, and blessings on the societies wise enough to retain officers who do their duty *when it should be done*, and without being four times a year prompted.

But for your sake and mine, who often fail, 'tis well God knows, if we can not, those His own, who work for Christ's sake and because something must be done, even though the same be absorbed in its own labor or its own love, or though the heart be burdened with care, or crushed with grief, or the hand and brain be helpless with pain when most labor is demanded. Must we learn the bitter lesson to do what we can and know 'tis badly done, and yet be satisfied because 'tis done *for Him*? Yes, we can be faithful "in a few things;" we can be content, if need be, to "be still."

But then — must we confess it — reckless carelessness is sometimes the only reason our duty is not done. But His great love can forgive even this, *if we are penitent*. Shall we try again, my sisters, to be faithful and patient?

LIBBIE CILLEY GRIFFIN.

WORDS FROM HOME WORKERS.

MAINE.

The Woman's Auxiliary Missionary Society met in connection with the Sebec Q. M., at Atkinson, March 19th. The attendance was not as large as usual, on account of bad traveling; still, a goodly number were present, and manifested their interest by good attention and a collection of four dollars and thirty-six cents. The poem, "My Mother's Prayer," from the MISSIONARY HELPER, was recited very touchingly by a little girl, Carrie Morrill, and an original essay entitled "A Plea for Missions," was read by Miss Annie E. Bryant, which, I think, made us all feel that we would renew our zeal in the Master's work.

MRS. E. D. WADE.

Miss Toothaker, of Phillips, writes: "Our Society was organized one year ago last August, and at the present time we have twenty-nine members. The first year we raised twenty dollars to furnish the Gerritt Smith

room in Myrtle Hall. This year we have raised and forwarded to the treasurer twenty-five dollars for the support of Uma, a native teacher in India. We also have a barrel of bedding ready to send to Harper's Ferry. Sunday, April 3d, we had our first public meeting. The exercises were conducted by the President, Mrs. D. C. Leavitt, and were as follows: Scripture reading by the President, prayer by the pastor, Rev. C. E. Woodcock, the report of Secretary, and reading of letters received from India. Missionary Intelligence was presented by Misses Ina Butterfield and Sarah Toothaker. Essay, Miss L. N. Brackett. Select readings by Misses Myra Toothaker and Evie Church."

Mrs. Fullam, the Secretary of the Portland Auxiliary, sends a report of a very helpful meeting held in connection with the session of the Cumberland Quarterly meeting held in that city. The Secretary of the Bowdoin Q. M., Mrs. C. F. Penney, contributed much to the interest of the occasion. Mrs. Lewis, President of the Auxiliary, conducted the exercises, which consisted of an essay entitled "Seed Time and Harvest" (written by Mrs. J. T. Ward, of R. I.), the reading of letters from several missionaries, a description of the rescue of the Khund children, a plea for the work in the West, and a collection for the same. The meeting was not in vain, and doubtless in future the Woman's Missionary Society will be a recognized part of this Quarterly Meeting.

OHIO.

The Secretary, Mrs. Michener, of the Seneca and Huron Q. M. Missionary Society, reports the programme of a recent meeting held at Lykens, which plainly indicates that the sisters in this section are doing what they can to create and continue an interest in this branch of Christian work. One interesting feature was the calling the roll of the members, and each responding with a verse of Scripture. Mrs. Burkholder, from her Santal home, furnished some information and words of encouragement, and the good brethren added several short speeches; there was also reading of missionary items and music. A collection of nearly four dollars was the amount of the offering then made.

ONE of the Home Secretaries sends the following notes from various quarters of the home field; chiefly extracts from correspondence, containing not words of cheer alone, but substantial evidence of forward movement.

MAINE. Mrs. Davis, of Farmington, writes: "I was at Chesterville two weeks ago, and assisted in organizing an auxiliary."

The auxiliary of the First Brunswick Church has just assumed the support of Bhabanje, one of Miss Crawford's village school teachers, a most interesting letter from whom was published in the *HELPER* of July, 1878.

MASSACHUSETTS. "There was a very interesting public meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Paige Street Church, Lowell, Sunday evening, April 3, consisting of singing, prayer, two dialogues, one by little girls, the other by young ladies; (the latter entitled 'Going to Persia,' from the January — February *HELPER*), two recitations by children, and two letters from India read by young ladies. In closing, Mrs. Porter read some extracts from a personal letter from Mrs. J. L. Phillips, in which, speaking of her work in India, she expressed the wish that the first scholarship for the Industrial

School would be taken by the Paige Street Church, as the first money for the Ragged Schools came from Paige Street. After reading the letter Mrs. Porter gave an opportunity for a few remarks from the gentlemen. The second gentleman who spoke thought money would do the people in India more good than their speeches, and said he would be one of ten to make up the price of a scholarship (\$20.00). Another said that was just what he was going to say; and the amount was quickly raised within \$2.00, when it was proposed to take a collection to complete the sum. The collection amounted to over three dollars and also a pledge for one dollar of the required two. A gentleman then gave a dollar for his wife to make up the first twenty, and announced that one in the audience who did not wish his name known would make up the collection to another twenty! In the mean time a gentleman had said that he would pay \$20.00 for one year. Thus in a very few minutes we had raised \$60.00, and we all felt very thankful for the pleasing results of our meeting, the influence of which, we believe, will be felt through eternity."

Now does any one think that was a dull meeting, and that the people went home dispirited and glum? No, not for a moment! And it needs no prophetic vision to foresee that they will look back upon that evening, in all the after years, as among the good hours of their lives. Now, if the still small voice whispers a suggestion to any other hearts about attempting a similar service, or any other just as good, and better adapted to their circumstances, may they not fail to put forth effort promptly, responsive to their thought! Should this be the experience this spring, of twenty auxiliaries moving thus in obedience to the divine prompting, who dares set a limit to the good that would follow? And how glad we shall be by and by, at the ingathering, when, over the sheaves from seed cast in this year, they that have sown and they that have reaped shall rejoice together!

Iowa. Miss Lou E. Champlin writes concerning a very interesting public meeting held in Waterloo, Iowa: "I had arranged for a meeting more especially for the members of the society and church, and had the notice published as such, but the church was nearly filled, and I hope the meeting was enjoyed by all present. I was greatly encouraged. At the beginning of the meeting we had two seasons of prayer, and then select readings by several young ladies, and one select missionary song. As our leader in singing was absent, I had to take charge of it all, select the hymns, play the organ and sing, and as I am both Secretary and Treasurer, I had all that I could possibly attend to. We have a good President, who is a willing worker, whom experience will make into one of the best.

I took a paper and went into the audience and solicited members, and received nine new names. Six of those that joined were young people. How it did encourage my heart! Pray that the Lord will make them good, useful members."

My sisters, let us not fail to remember the requests for PRAYER that come to us continually from our missionaries abroad and also from workers at home, and our prayers should be definite, not so general. We should take upon our hearts the very particular cases commended to us and continue to pray for them, watching to learn of the answers, confident that the Lord is hearing and that the answer is sure.

A. C. H.

Another writes of a faithful worker—a lady in her *seventieth year*, who is President of a Y. M. Woman's Missionary Society and Secretary and Treasurer of a Q. M. Auxiliary. We refer to the wife of Rev. Ephraim Harding, of Ellsworth, Me., who accompanies her husband in his visits from church to church, traveling hundreds of miles in a year. She collects dues from members in churches scattered over a large extent of territory, sends for and distributes about sixty copies of the *HELPER*, and so keeps the subject of missions agitated that she never fails of obtaining the amount required for the salary of the zenana teacher that the auxiliary is supporting, which she sends regularly.

Recent additions of members enable this auxiliary to increase its contributions to the General Work of our society. We wish every auxiliary would follow this good example, and send something for general work in addition to its contributions for special objects.

Where are our young ladies, and what are *they* doing?

F.

At the last annual meeting of the Rhode Island District of the Woman's Missionary Society, a plan which had been formed for holding missionary conventions during the year was more fully developed by the appointment of a committee to arrange for such conventions. The object of these meetings is to develop and increase missionary interest, to spread missionary intelligence, and present opportunity for mutual interchange of thought and modes of work.

In the autumn one was held at Centerdale, a village about four miles from Providence. A goodly number were present from the churches in Providence and vicinity. At the afternoon session, an original paper on the "Seed Sowing and Harvest of Missions" was presented by Mrs. J. T. Ward, of Georgiaville, also a paper entitled "Sentiment on the Birth of Girls in China," by Mrs. Boulester, of the Park Street Church, Providence. Remarks were made by the District Secretary. The remainder of the afternoon was occupied by reports from different churches. A collation prepared by the ladies of this church was then served. In the evening the claims of both the home and foreign work were presented, and some interesting exercises were given by the young people of the Centerdale Church.

Later in the season an invitation was received from the ladies in Pawtucket to hold a convention with them. The invitation was accepted, and the convention held April 8th. The attendance was encouraging, and a deep interest was manifest in the exercises of both afternoon and evening. At least a hundred were in attendance from Providence. Many other churches were represented. The friends at Pawtucket received us cordially, and provided a bountiful repast between the sessions. The afternoon meeting was opened with devotional exercises, after which a paper was presented by Miss Kate J. Anthony, entitled, "The Founding of Storer College." This was followed by one on the "Growth and Progress of the Work," by Miss P. J. Wood. Mrs. Burlingame was called upon, and spoke of her visit to Harper's Ferry, the location of the buildings, and beauty of the surrounding scenery. Reports from the churches were then received, and many of them were full of profitable suggestions.

The evening was devoted especially to the young people, and the exercises which were provided by them consisted of recitations, readings, singing, and original essays. The parts were well taken, and the efforts of the young folks appreciated, and it is believed that the influence of the meeting will be permanent. The conventions are presided over by the District Secretary, Mrs. L. Dexter, who is thoroughly in earnest in the work, and who, we feel, is leading the women of Rhode Island to appreciate their privilege in helping to hasten the time when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

A.

The corner-stone of Chapel Hall, at Harper's Ferry, is to be laid in connection with the Anniversary exercises, May 30, and Frederick Douglass will deliver the oration.

"What a Slipper did for India," in the last number of the *HELPER*, should have been credited to the Woman's Union Missionary Society. It was originally published by them as a leaflet.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

Children's Niche.

SHOW US THE WAY.

[LET one give the first couplet of each stanza, and groups in different parts of the room respond with the last. Let little children give the second response].

1. I hear a cry from over the sea,
The idol-worshippers call to me,—

Group.

"God is a spirit," we hear you say;
Where shall we find him? Show us the way.

2. I hear a sound from the houses of sin,
That little children are dwelling in,—

Group.

"He suffered the children to come,"
you say,
Where shall we find him? Show us the way.

3. I hear a voice from the homes of want,
Where the poor are cold in their raiment scant.

Group.

"He clothes the grass of the field," you say,
Where shall we find him? Show us the way.

4. O, blind and sinful, and weary and poor,
We will show you the way to our open door:

For the Son will lead to the Father's face,
He has gone to prepare for us all a place,
And if you will hark you shall hear him say
"Come unto me, for I am the way."

— *Good Times.*

AUNT CARRIE, in the *Helping Hand*, says a word to the boys about raising corn as a means of obtaining money for missions. She states that some one says that twenty-five grains, with proper care, will result, in an ordinary season, in more than a hundred barrels of corn. She asks, "How many of the boys will make the experiment? Now is the time to plan for it. If you know nothing about soils, ask your father, or some neighbor who does know, so that your land may be properly prepared. Get the variety of corn which is in demand in the market nearest you; and having planted the seed, do not forget the "proper care." It will cost a little of your play-time each week to contend with weeds and drought and thieving birds; but when you sell your barrels of corn in the fall, and have a nice little sum all of your own earning for the cause of your Saviour and his needy ones, I am sure you will think yourself well paid."

Now we want to ask if "our boys" will not try corn-raising. If this is not convenient, try the planting of something else, and send us reports of your success.

MODES OF TRAVELING IN INDIA.

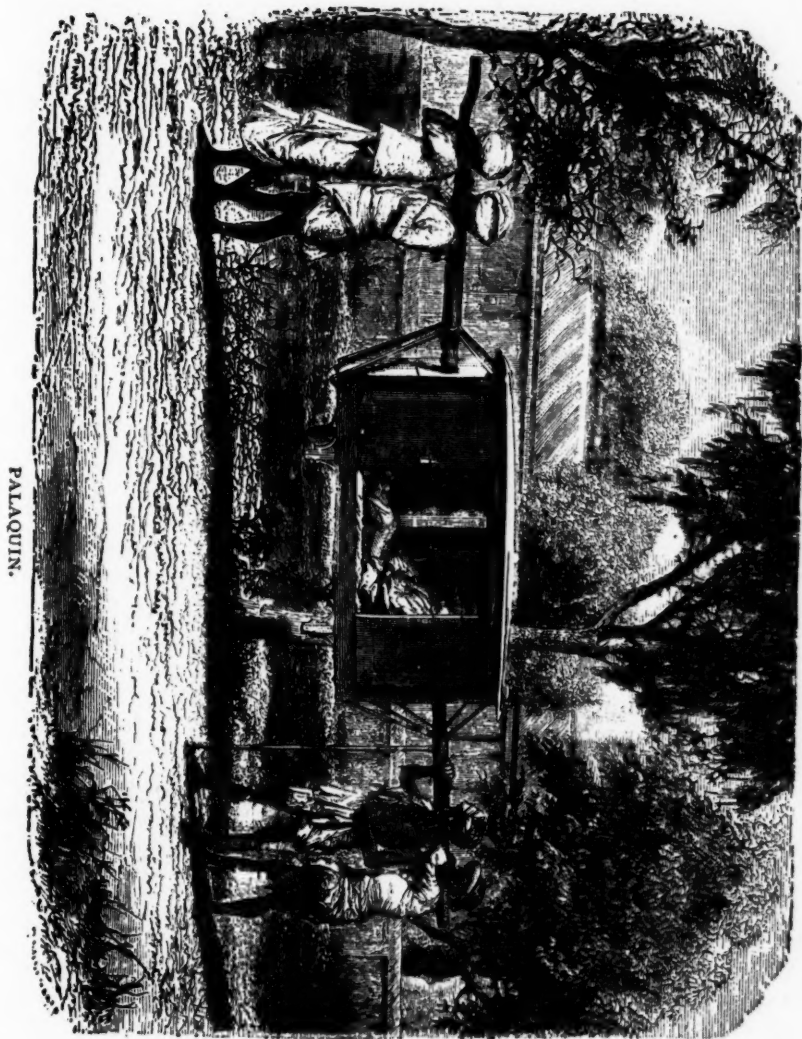
WE have here a picture of the mode of traveling most common among Europeans and wealthy natives in India. The conveyance is a palanquin, or, as it is colloquially called, a "palkee."

It is borne upon the shoulders of four men, but as the burden is too great for four shoulders to carry long at a time, a relief force — four more men — is always in attendance. The palanquin is made of hard wood with a very heavy pole at each end. As all the wood in India which is capable of bearing any strain — except bamboo — is hard and of great weight, furniture, conveyances, etc., are very heavy. The poles are secured to the ends of the palanquin by iron rods. Add to this from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds of human flesh, and it makes a burden under which even the stout "palkee-bearers" sometimes groan.

Referring to the picture, it will be seen that the pole of the palanquin rests upon the left shoulder of the first man, the right of the second, the right of the third, and the left of the fourth; this balances the palkee and prevents it from swinging from side to side. It is carried in this way a few rods, then the men change positions without stopping the palkee; this is done by one man at a time passing under the pole and putting his other shoulder to it while the weight rests for a moment upon the other three. Each man always occupies the same position as leader, second, third, or fourth bearer. Their gait is a sort of dog-trot, causing a rapid but gentle up-and-down motion of the palkee. They keep step, or rather keep time, for they do not step together but alternately, by a monotonous song. All the palkee-bearers in a district sing the same tune. The leaders weave into their song any instructions concerning the road that they may need to give to those behind, whose vision is obstructed by the palkee.

The gentleman in the picture looks very comfortable leaning against the side of his palanquin, looking out through the open door. The bottom is cushioned, and the occupant can vary his position by lying down or sitting up as he may choose.

As the palanquin is not large enough to hold more than one person, it is rather a lonely way of traveling, but it is not an unpleasant way if one can open the doors and have plenty of fresh air and a view of the passing scenery. But when a na-



tive lady is traveling she must not only keep the doors closed, but a thick cloth is spread over the palkee, lest some one should catch a glimpse of her. She is thus not only prevented from seeing anything of the wonderful world outside her zenana prison, but is compelled to travel in total darkness and without fresh air. How the poor women escape suffocation is a mystery.

Palanquins can be hailed at any time in Calcutta, like hacks in western cities.

One set of eight men carry the palkee one dāk, or stage,—eight miles—receiving for compensation twelve cents each, making the cost of traveling in this way twelve cents a mile. This is considered good pay, as they will make a stage in about an hour and a half, while a mechanic receives but twelve cents for a whole day's labor, and a field-hand six cents. When going on a journey through country districts, it is necessary to "lay the dāk" before hand, that is, to order fresh men to be in waiting at each village where a change of bearers is to be made, otherwise considerable delay would be caused by stopping at the end of each dāk to search for and engage bearers. It might involve more expense also, as the people do not hesitate to take advantage of one in a strait. The dāk may be laid by letter or telegraph, but it is usually done by sending on a man to engage the bearers a day or two before starting on the journey.

Quite in contrast to this conveyance are the traveling-wagons represented in the last HELPER. Many of these ox-carts may be seen at any time on the road to Pooree, in which families or companies of people are making, or returning from, a pilgrimage to Juggernaut.

Under almost every tree on the Juggernaut road may be seen one or more of these carts, or a company of foot travelers resting at noon. When the sun begins to sink westward they yoke up their bullocks and resume their journey.

The driver sits upon the tongue of the cart, between the oxen—which are small with a hump between the shoulders—and drives by using his toes as a goad, by twisting the animals' tails toward the right or left according to the direction he desires to take, and by pushing the oxen with his hands. He also carries a short stick with which he punches the ribs, and raps the protruding back-bones of his poor beasts.

The tops of the carts in the picture are made of split bamboo covered with straw-matting.

Our zenana teachers are conveyed to their work in a similar cart, which they call the "karanchi garry."

The expense of palkee traveling is so great that missionaries sometimes make their journeys in ox-carts, but I believe the usual method of traveling in them is to walk until weary, and then sit down and wait for the cart to come up—the oxen move so slowly.

M. E. F.

CONTRIBUTIONS

RECEIVED BY THE

Free Baptist Woman's Missionary Society

FROM FEB. 1, 1881, TO APRIL 1, 1881.

MAINE.

Abbott, Miss Lydia Bartlett, for Anjane	7 55
Atkinson, Auxiliary	2 00
Augusta, Auxiliary, for support of "Emeline"	7 00
Brunswick, Auxiliary, 1st Church, for native teacher	10 00
Bangor, Auxiliary	10 00
Bowdoinham Ridge, Auxiliary, for F. M.	6 50
Charleston, Miss Addie Lamson \$1.00, and Mrs. Flora Herrick, .75	1 75
Dover, Miss Martha Gordon, for Anjane	55
Dover and Foxcroft, Auxiliary	1 00
Doughty's Falls, Auxiliary	3 00
East Dixfield, Aux., one-half each H. M. and F. M.	4 00
East Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for F. M.	2 00
Ellsworth, Q. M. Auxiliary, for support of "Carrie," \$2.50; for general work, \$3.75	6 25
Ellsworth, Q. M. a Friend, \$1.00 each for Miss Crawford's, Mrs. J. L. Phillips' and Mrs. Bachelor's work	3 00
Farmington, Q. M., Weld Auxiliary, for working capital	9 00
Farmington, Q. M., collection for working capital	2 60
Hartland, Mrs. Averell and Mrs. Lancaster, each 25 cts.	50
Kingfield, Auxiliary	6 00
Lewiston, Auxiliary, for general work, \$19.00; Mrs. B. F. Hayes, for ragged schools \$5.00; and to constitute Mrs. B. F. Hayes L. M.	24 00
Lewiston, Auxiliary, Pine Street Church, for support of Minnie Brackett	8 00
Litchfield Plains, Mrs. S. W. King, \$2.00; F. M. \$2.00, Chapel Hall	4 00
Litchfield Plains, Mrs. M. K. Chase, F. M.	1 00
New Portland, Auxiliary, 1st Church, \$2.00 for Harper's Ferry; \$4.00 for F. M. towards constituting Mrs. E. H. Butts L. M.	6 00
New Sharon, Ladies' Missionary Band, 1st F. B. Ch., for F. M.	4 37
North Anson, Aux., towards constituting Mrs. S. Bunker L. M.	11 00
North Berwick, 1st Church	2 00
Pittsfield, Auxiliary	6 50

Raymond, Abby F. Phinney	1 00
Sangerville, Auxiliary, 1st Church	50
St Albans, Church	95
Sebec, Q. M. Auxiliary	4 36
South Parsonsfield, Auxiliary, for support of "Gouri"	8 00
Springfield, Q. M., for F. M.	10 50
Sumner, Mrs. S. Bisbee	2 00
Sumner, Mrs. L. H. Bisbee	1 00
Topsham, Auxiliary, one-half each H. M. and F. M.	10 00
West Bowdoin, Auxiliary, for support of a zenana teacher	10 00
West Bowdoin, Mite Gatherers, for Mrs. J. L. Phillips' school	5 00

\$195 88

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Concord, Auxiliary	11 00
Dover, Aux., Wash. St. Church, 1.00, for working capital	14 25
Dover, a Friend, for aid of students at Harper's Ferry	2 91
Laconia, Children's Miss. Band, for Miss I. Phillips' salary	10 00
Pittsfield, Mrs. Osgood's Sunday School class, \$1.75, Ernest E. Osgood, \$1.00 for F. M.	2 75

\$40 91

VERMONT.

Corinth, Mrs. F. P. Eaton	2 00
East Williamstown, Auxiliary	1 00
Lyndon Center, Little Helpers, for Miss I. Phillips' salary	2 00
North Tunbridge, Auxiliary, for working capital	5 00
Strafford, Q. M. collection, for working capital	5 00
South Strafford, Aux., for zenana work	6 00
Sutton, for Incidentals fund	36

\$21 36

MASSACHUSETTS.

Blackstone, Aux., for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work	5 00
Farnumsville, Ch., for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work	5 00
Haverhill, Auxiliary, for native teachers, and towards cons. Mrs. H. S. Folsom L. M.	12 00
Lowell, Church, collection for December and January	32 09

\$54 09

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work	8 00
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Block Island, Ladies of Ch., for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	5 00
Carolina Mills, Y. P. Mission Band, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work.....	5 00
Centerdale, Little Helpers, for Children's Missionary.....	50
Foster, Union Ch., for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work....	15 00
Georgiaville, Ladies of Ch., for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work	15 00
Greenville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work..	10 00
Greenville, Aux. for Miss Franklin's salary.....	10 00
Greenville, Miss F. M. Eddy, for Miss Franklin's salary.....	5 00
Olneyville, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work....	15 00
Pascoag, Auxiliary, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work.....	12 50
Pascoag, Young People's Miss. Society, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	25 00
Pawtucket, Aux., for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work...	7 50
Pawtucket, Ladies of Church, for Furnishing room in Myrtle Hall.....	20 00
Providence, Bertha Esten, Park St. Church, Missionary dishcloths, for Children's Missionary	40
Providence, Mrs. M. A. Stone, for Miss H. Phillips' salary.	5 00
Providence, Class in Roger Williams Sunday School, for Miss I. Phillips' salary	2 00
Providence, Auxiliary, Roger Williams Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work....	18 75
Providence, Aux., Park Street, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work.....	6 25
Providence, Auxiliary, Greenwich Street, for Miss H. Phillips' salary, and work..	6 25
Tiverton, Church, for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work..	5 00
Interest on deposit for Miss H. Phillips' salary and work....	14
	\$197 29

NEW YORK.

East Poestenkill, Mrs. H. Flint, for Industrial School.....	1 50
East Poestenkill, Mrs. H. Flint, general fund.....	1 50
Holmesville, Mrs. T. Dexter, Miss C. Hoag, and Mrs. A. M. Powers, each \$1.00 for F. M.....	3 00
	\$6 00

OHIO.

Athens, Auxiliary, for teacher with Mrs. Burkholder.....	10 00
Seneca and Huron, Q. M. Auxiliary, for F. M.....	17 22
	\$27 22

MICHIGAN.

Hillsdale, Mrs. Kellogg's Sunday School Class, for salary of Mrs. Annie.	1 00
Hillsdale, Mrs. Balcom's Sunday School Class, for salary of Mrs. Annie.....	2 50
Lansing, Mrs. Martinsdale's Sunday School Class, for Miss I. Phillips' salary.....	5 00
Pittsford, a Friend, for F. M....	5 00
	\$13 50

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Miss Ella Patterson, for Industrial School.....	4 30
Prairie City, Auxiliary, for Miss I. Phillips' work.....	11 25
Prairie City, Q. M. for Miss I. Phillips' work.....	13 75
	\$29 30

IOWA.

Waterloo, Mission Soc., for F. M.	9 00
Waterloo, Concert collection \$3.00, and Mission box \$2.00, for Miss H. Phillips' work	5 00
Wilton, Woman's Mission Soc., for F. M.....	1 00
	\$15 00

WISCONSIN.

Monticello, Mrs. F. Pierce, for zenana teacher.....	1 00
Wisconsin, Y. M. Woman's Miss. Soc., for zenana teacher.....	1 00
Waterford, a Friend, for F. M..	1 00
	\$3 00

MISSOURI.

Springfield, Miss Gisela Dittrich, for zenana work.....	13 00
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PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.

Province of Ottawa, Mrs. T. B. Hudson, for Chapel Hall....	5 00
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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Compton, Auxiliary, for H. M..	4 00
Stanstead, Auxiliary, for zenana teacher with Miss H. Phillips.	11 00
Stanstead, "Band of Willing Workers," for Miss Crawford's "Orphanage.".....	15 00
	\$30 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Try Class for Poma, balance of salary, for 1880.....	1 77
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Total.....\$653 32

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, Treasurer.